Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which ſeeke out aſſurance in that, I will ſpeake to this fellow. Whoſe graue's this ſirra?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it thine indeed for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lye out on't ſir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't to be in't and ſay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. Tis a quick lye ſir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man doſt thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is, we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equiuocatiõ wil vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant comes ſo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haſt thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and ſent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why becauſe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why? (as he.

Clow. Twill not bee ſeene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Faith een with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham.

Ham. How long will a man ly

Clow. Faith if a be not rotte pocky corſes, that will ſcarce ho ſome eight yeere, or nine yeere. A

Ham. VVhy he more then an

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan out water a great while; and yo whorſon dead body, heer's a ſ

Ham. VVhoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellow

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for Reniſh on my head once; this ſa the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poore *Yorick*. I kne ieſt, of moſt excellent fancy, he ſand times; and now how abho gorge riſes at it. Here hung tho how oft: where be your gibes n your flaſhes of merriment, tha roare, not one now to mock yo Now get you to my Ladies tab inch thick, to this fauour ſhe mu Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thin

Hora. VVhat's that my Lord

Ha. Doſt thou think *Alexan*

Hora Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo: pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we not imagination trace the nob ſtopping a bunghole?

Hora. 'Twere to conſider to

Ha. No faith, not a iot, but to enough, and likelihood to lead buried, *Alexander* returneth to make lome, & why of that lome